BETWEEN PATHOS AND SEDUCTION

FOR LARRY

Love potions
solve no mysteries,
provide no comment
on the unspoken.
Our lives tremble
between pathos and seduction.
Our inhibitions
force us to be equal.
We swallow hard
black love potions
from a golden glass.
New language beckons us.
Its dialect present.
Intimate.
Through my eyes
focused as pure, naked light,
fixed on you like magic,
clarity. I see risks.
Regrets? There will be none.
Let some wonder,
some worry, some accuse.
Let you and I know
the tenderness
only we can bear.

HEAVY CORNERS

FOR JOE

Don't let it be loneliness
that kills us.
If we must die
on the front line
let us die men
loved by both sexes.

Don't let it be envy
that drives us
to suck our thumbs
or shoot each other dead
over snake eyes.

Let us not be dancing
with the wind
on heavy corners
tattered by doom.

Let us not accept
partial justice.
If we believe our lives
are priceless
we can't be conquered.

If we must die
on the front line
don't let loneliness
kill us.